It may have been the hiundreth anniversity

of perpetual war
and we had long ago
gotten rid of the party
inventing it, and shamelessly
riding it to power,but the
concept proved irriestible
to their substitutes.

Anyway,dewspite warnings
we decided on a picnic.

Smashing shaded gove ande
we had everything along.

Ice t\
cold beer and soda, potato
salad to die for. Diverse
picnicers defying authorieties.

We even borugh clergy along

Unlike Holywood stereo
they like good time
and know great songs.

Aswe had suspected a warrior soon
appeared among the sycamores
and ordered us to leave, not
leave home again without permissin.

Sister Dorothea responded.

Shut the fuckup
we
're sick of all your shit!

When he left we asked her
of her outburst

vulgarity is not a sin.
Or God would have destroyed
this country by now.